Guido Faux Reviv'd:

OR, THE

MONKS

LATE

Hellish Contrivances Expos'd.

Being a full Account of the Horrid Bloody Designs of the Papists, at their Mass-House Convent Chappel

IN

St. JOHNESS.

TO Enumerate the Secret Plots, Publick Cruelties, and Private Conspiracies of our Indefatigable Enemies, the Papists, would be a labour as unnecessary, as their Contrivances are endless: Those, as they are the Design of Ages, would be the Subject of Volumns, being not able to be comprehended in so narrow a Circumference, as the following Narration. As for Instance,

The Violence of the Rabble at St. *Jones*'s exceeding even the Insolence of the Tumults ſo much exclaimed at by the *Royal Martyr*, and of as fatal Conſequence, as it is the dreadful Object of our Eyes, ſo it is the Subject of our preſent Diſcourſe, which is a True and Genuine Account of all the Secret Plots, Machines, and Bloody Engines, which are pretended to be diſcovered by the *Rabble* in the Popiſh Chappel, their unreaſonable Grounds and Jealouſies, and the unavoidable Fate, which generally attend ſuch Raſh and Precipitous Undertakings.

This Indigeſted Lump, the *Rabble*, animated by ſome Zealous Whiſperers, made their firſt Approaches on *Sunday* Morning, the Eleventh Inſtant at St. *Jones*'s, reſolving to pull down the Chappel of the *Benedictines* there, newly Erected in the Lord *Bertlett*'s Houſe: This Celebrated Structure, which at preſent conſiſted but of two Perſons and Servants, was deſigned for a Convent, which ought rather to be a Wall of Defence againſt their Aſſaults, than an In-let to the Multitude. In all Ages the Temples of the Gods were in great Veneration, and *Cyrus*'s attempt, to rob the Temple of *Jupeter Ammon*, was but the loſs of the Sacrilegious Undertakers, who lay buried in the Ruines; but theſe Faries, or rather Furies of the Night, yet more audacious, aſſault the Gates, and the Knot, which like *Alexander*, they could not with eaſe untie, with Violence cut, having forced their Paſſage through the Tyles and Glaſs and VVindows; after which they diſcovered ſeveral terrible Engines, which were enough to ſcare Men of the greateſt Reſolution and Conduct, out of their Seven Senſes. For Example.

Firſt, Three large Caldrons, or Boylers, of ſuch prodigious Depth and Circumference, that they could eaſily boyl a Thouſand Hereticks in it at one time, and not one of them hear the other cry.

Secondly, *Grid-Irons*, as large as the *Bowling-Green* at *Mary-Bone*, ſo that Four ſeveral Companies, one at every Corner, beſides Two in the Midle, might fry all Day as patienrly, as St. *Lawrence*, without diſturbing one another.

Thirdly, Several *Iron Spits* of a vaſt Extent, ſome as long, as the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*, others at the *Main-Maſt* of the *Royal Soveraign*, where *Diſſenters* might roaſt in Couples, as quietly as Cas'd Rabbets.

Fourth.

Fourth. A Vault, which reached from the ſaid Popiſh Chappel, as far as *Chick-lane*, in which were diſcovered (by an Eye of Providence to the blind Rabble) *Guido Faux* with his Dark Lanthorn, Martialling his dreaeful Artillery of Gun-powder Matches, and Fire-Balls, which was far more formidable than a Gun-powder Plot, to blow up the Lord and Commons of the Rabble, that ſat Triumphant on the Roof of the Houſe.

Fifth. As many Cart Loads of Links, as would ſerve to convey the King's Carriages into the *Weſt*: Theſe were deſtin'd (by way of Exquiſite Torture) for Hereticks, to extort Confeſſion placeing them lighted under their Feet, Arms, Hands and Thighes, like the Saints formerly at *Amboyna*, thongh others believe they were rather Sauſages to tye about the Diſſenters while they were Roaſting upon the Spits.

Sixth. Several Hundreds of Chopping Knives, and other Engines to reduce the Revertion into Minced meat, to make a *Ragoo*.

Theſe with many others, as Iron Whips, Rods of Steel, and Cats with Nine Tayles (no leſs terrible than thoſe of a *Spaniſh Armado*) were Diſcovered in this Chappel by the ſhort ſighted Rabble, who ſee all things double, and yet can diſcern no further then they can throw a Mill-ſtone.

No matter; a Plot's Diſcover'd, and the Conſpirators muſt ſuffer, right or wrong: The next day being *Monday*, the Second Aſſault was made which proved more fatal; the Trained Bands and Guards being ſcarce able to ſuppreſs their Fury, till ſome of them fell a juſt Sacrifice to the defending Party; ſome Deſperadoes were killed in the Attempt, and many of the Guards wounded by the Rabble; nor did their Fury end here, but Order was given for the removing of the Goods which were conveyed away by the Guards to keep off the encroaching Aſſailants, yet this was not done ſo cloſely, but that the Rabble ſeized upon ſome Carts, out of which taking all the Goods, they made a Bone-fire in *Holborn*, without diſtinction; having no more mercy for an Holy Relique, than Sir *William Waller* for a Crucifix.

Thus far the Violence and Groundleſs Jealouſies of the Rabble tranſported them beyond all degrees of Report or Reaſon: It is now our Province to unriddle this Sphinx and ſhew in ſhort upon what ſlender ſuggeſtions they laid the Foundation of all theſe Tumults.

As for the Chaldrons, there was indeed one ſmall Boyler which was no more than of a common ſize, a ſuch as is made uſe of for the or-

ordinary Service of a Family. Another ſmall one there was for the ſame Uſe, in a New Houſe adjoyning, and a Third, which was ſomewhat larger which belonged to the Lord *Bertlet*'s Family, when he kept a Bagnio in his Houſe, which being old and of no uſe, was laid in a low Room, into which they threw all their old Lead, Iron, and Lumber in the repairing of the Houſe.

One *Grid-Iron* indeed there was; but of a very ſmall ſize, and very unfit for the uſe the Rabble pretended. The ground of this Suſpition, (and what might give ſome Cauſe to the deluded Multitude) was, that there were found in the Cellar, Two *Iron Window Frames*, which formerly belonged to my Lord *Bertlet*, and of no other Uſe, but as Old Iron.

There were alſo, a Couple of *Spits*; but of no other Size, or Quality; but ſuch as are commonly uſed in a Family.

As for *Links*, or *Flambeaus*, there were never yet, Two in the Houſe at one time.

For the *Vaults*, and *Barrels* of *Gun-Powder*; they are like the Blank Commiſſions, or the Doctors Black-Bills, or Army of *Spaniſh* Pilgrims hid under Ground.

By this ſhort Narrative, you may diſcern, to what deſperate Attempts, and on what Groundleſs Occaſions, the Fury of an incens'd Rabble will tranſport them. All Ages afford us ſad Inſtances, even before the bold *Maſſaliano* to our own Days; who, from ſo ſmall a Number at firſt, often bring a whole Land to Deſolation, if not timely prevented: which cannot better be done, than by obſerving the Wiſe Rules, and Prudent Conduct of our Chief Magiſtrate, and Court of Aldermen; who, upon the like Diſturbances, have made an Act of Common Councel, ſtrictly injoyning all Maſters of Families upon Penalty to keep in their Servants upon ſuch an Occaſion, for by preventing the Cauſe, the effects may ceaſe.

FINIS.

LICENSED,
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